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POETRY.

THE TWILIGHT.

Whenever I sit in the twilight,
At rest from the toils of the day,
And the little ones gather around me,
Too weary for laughter or play,
I think, with the longing of sorrow and love,
Of the one little child that is away.

Away from the arms of the mother,
And sometimes it grieves me to know,
Content with the love that surrounds him,
He will never miss us below;
For he looks in the face of the Father above,
And walks with the saints to and fro.

I love in my fancy, to follow
Their steps by the river so fair,
And to see the wonderful stories
The angels are telling him there—
The beautiful angels of paradise,
And dear little Silverhair.

There's the angel that spoke unto Hagar,
"Fear not, for God has heard thy moan";
And the one that came flying to Mary,
All shining with light from the throne;
And the strong blessed seraph that soothed the dear
Lamb.

When tempted and fainting alone,
But grateful of all the angel,
Whose story I often have read,
Who came to the tomb of the Saviour,
And rolled back the stone from his head,
And said to the mourning women to hear
"The Lord is gone up from the dead."

Oh, angel of life and glory,
Come, whisper the message to me,
When only I sit and remember
The child that is gone from my knee;
"I know in the mansion where Jesus has gone,
His little ones surely must be."

THE STORY-TELLER.

THE NEW WITNESS.

A STORY OF TWO WILLS.

An odd sort of personage, as regarded his pets, was old Mr. Ovington, and he had indulged in his peculiarities to his heart's content. In the latter years, and there, on the head of one gate-post, while John Grapley leaned against the other, perched the most disagreeable favorite of them all, except, perhaps, the newly-discovered grandchildren, whose inopportune arrival had so wronged what ought to have been John Grapley's heart.

On the top of the gate-post, as we have said, sat the pet crow, with his dark, brilliant, satirical eye turned knowingly aside, now at John's moody face, and now at the doctor's buggy at the roadside, as much as to say: "I know all about it. Don't you wish that you did?"

John would have thrown a brick at his stepfather's tame crow, if he had dared, and silenced its irritating caw forever.

"The old man isn't sick," muttered John, but he always consults with Dr. Prindle on matters such as these. Dr. Prindle is the doctor who drew the other will, and I know what was in that."

"Ca-a-caw!" emphatically remarked Martin the crow.

"It's more than likely," John continued, with a moment's glance at Martin, "that the old man has got the doctor here now to cook up some confounded change in favor of that white-faced girl and her brother. To rob me of the children of a stepfather whom he disinherited a score of years ago. It's a shame!"

"Ca-a-caw," philosophized Martin, "Shut up, you ill-natured croaker. Anyhow, I can lounge around under the window, and see if there's a chance of knowing what they're at."

The low and vine-hung window of old Mr. Ovington's study was open wide that summer afternoon, and a man who chose to crouch under it, as John Grapley did, could hardly fail to hear much of what might be said, in any ordinary tone of voice, by those within the room.

John had slipped noiselessly away from the gate, leaving the tame crow by his own meditation; but Martin was a social bird, and had already completed his observations of the doctor's horse and buggy. He was morally sure that he could steal neither, and they were therefore matters of indifference to him. But we must go a little ahead of Martin.

When, some twenty minutes earlier, Doctor Prindle had entered the house, he had been ushered into the study by sweet Alice Ovington herself, daughter of that Adrian Ovington, whose runaway love-match had embittered so many years of his father's existence.

A lovely girl, indeed, was Alice, of not yet eighteen summers; and it was no wonder that her stern grandfather had opened his heart to his son's dying petition in behalf of her and her brother. Doctor Prindle was one of those brick but dignified old gentlemen who know almost everything, say very little, and are exceedingly valuable members of society. Alice told him that her brother George was well, and would soon be home from college, to spend the vacation with his grandfather.

"Yes, Alice," said the doctor; "let him spend it all here. It will be better." And then he disappeared through the study door, closing it fast behind him. Alice hurried away, to attend to household affairs, and the muffled sound of voices from the study died quickly away.

Very few words passed at first between Mr. Ovington and his counselor, and the old man's red and choleric visage betrayed no atom of emotion, as he took from its envelope a paper of very moderate dimensions, and spread it on the table, saying:

"There it is, doctor. I guess you'll find it right. Glad of it," growled the doctor, as he settled himself in his chair.

A moment more, and he was deeply engaged on the precious documents. Slowly and carefully he read it down, as if he did not mean to do it twice, and when he had completed it he only said:

"Correct. And now what?"

"Ca-a-caw!" croaked a doubtful voice at the window; and then Martin

himself flapped heavily in, and perched on the top of the doctor's head.

"Martin, my boy, it's all right. I only wish you could sign as a witness."

"Ca-a-caw," said Martin.

"I wish he could," said Dr. Prindle; "but as you've only got old Hector's name here, I suppose you will want mine. It's all right otherwise."

"Of course it is," replied the old gentleman. "It's a copy of the one you drew, in all but the names and the division. It's no injustice to John Grapley. He is well taken care of, and, besides, he had property of his own, from his mother, and he has no claims of blood on me."

"Still, it cuts him out of a very comfortable pile," said the doctor. "Where's the pen? That rascally bird! Look at him. There he is on the top of the bookcase, with the pen in his mouth."

"Martin, you scamp," laughed his master, "come down with that pen, or I'll disinfect you. Never mind, doctor. Don't look at him, and he'll bring it back in a minute. He's fond of stealing, but he never keeps anything long."

"Sure enough, in the course of two or three minutes, the pen was on the table again, and meantime the two friends talked on."

"John will hardly be pleased with this," said the doctor.

"I shan't care, then, whether he is or not, and I don't care much, anyway."

"Have you destroyed the other will?"

"No; but I'm going to. It's over there in the study. You will know where to find this one, if you outlive me."

"All right," said the doctor. "Martin has brought back the pen."

It was a slow and crabbed signature that the doctor affixed, but it was good enough for the purpose.

When he had signed the will, and put it back in its envelope, he looked around over the table, only to find that Martin was again on the top of the bookcase, and this time with the little negro-headed penholder in his beak.

"That rascally bird!" laughed the doctor. "Well, the pen can go unwiped."

"He'll bring it back again, Martin is a good bird," said Mr. Ovington.

"Ca-a-caw!" exclaimed Martin, and the penholder dropped lightly on the floor.

"Come, doctor—come and take a look at my new Devons, before you go. I'm half-intending to drive into town with you. The walk back will be good for me—help keep down this too heavy carcass of mine. I don't get half enough exercise."

"No more you don't," growled the doctor, with a side glance at his friend's plethoric proportions, as they made their way out of the study.

Their conversation had not been in whispers, and John Grapley had lost none of it since he took his stand by the window. Nor was it many minutes after the departure of his stepfather before John, with an unaccountable pallor in his face and a hesitating step, was passing through the house from room to room. All was deserted—solitary. Even the fair face of Alice Ovington was brightening some more distant corner of the mansion.

The young man's step became even more stealthy, and his thin, white lips shut more closely on each other, as he laid his hand at last on the knob of the study door. It turned in his grasp, and he stepped within.

The room was empty of human forms, and John Grapley's eyes wandered in vain search around the room—not finding something they expected. A few loose papers on the tables were hurriedly turned over, and at last he crouched down, with a sharp exclamation of angry dissatisfaction.

The key was in the secretary, but John Grapley's hand shook more than a little as he turned it in the lock. He did turn it, however, and then at last his search seemed to be successful; for from one of the little pigeon-holes he drew and opened a long yellow envelope.

John gave the paper which he held in his hand but one swift, keen, eager glance, and then thrust it into an inside pocket of his coat, muttering:

"At all events, he shall not destroy this. He has got the other with him now, and I must trust to luck to get it out of the way. Now, I must get out of this."

He put the empty envelope back in the pigeon-hole, locked the secretary, left the key as he found it, and hastened away. He did not make his appearance at home again until the next day at noon.

It was late that evening before old Mr. Ovington returned from town, weary with his unaccounted walk, and anxious only to get straightway to bed. It was late in the morning when he arose, and then his Devons and his other mute favorites kept him for a time from his cozy study.

Alice Ovington had looked at the cattle with him, and Martin had cawed graciously about them, as if he considered himself a good judge of both brutes and human beings; but John Grapley did not put in his customary appearance.

When he did return, however, half an hour later, he was met in the gateway by the form of his stepfather, looking a foot taller than usual, being literally in a "towering" fit of anger.

"John Grapley, do you know where they are—do you?"

"Where what are?"

"What on earth's the matter?" gasped John, with a well-assumed look of bewilderment and innocence.

"The will, you scoundrel, the will! Both of them! Give them up, or I'll—"

"Alas, for swollen veins and lumpy lumps! For as John Grapley quailed and trembled before the wrathful face of his stepfather, suddenly the old man put on a strange and set expression, his tongue ceased to obey his angry will, his limbs failed under him, and the old gentleman sank helpless on the grass!"

John Grapley's face wore for a moment the look of a relieved criminal; but he retained his self-possession, and no alarm could have been more prompt and loud than that which he sounded.

Mr. Ovington was borne into the house, and medical aid was summoned.

John went himself for Dr. Prindle;

but could hardly simulate vexation on learning that that gentleman had been called away to an important consultation, and would not be home under two days.

Physicians were to be had in abundance, however, and they came; but they came too late to do anything for Mr. Ovington. The silver cord was loosed, and his pitcher was utterly shattered at the fountain of life.

Great was the consternation of poor Alice Ovington, and it was great help to her that her brother George came home next day, in the midst of the funeral preparations. Still, both George and Alice found themselves of small account in the house of their grandfather, for John Grapley had taken all matters in charge at once, and issued his orders with the air and manner of a well-assured proprietor. At first they did not mind it much, though George Ovington, more selfish than his sister, remarked to himself that it argued a little of coolness for their future prospects.

Poor Martin had not seemed to comprehend the terrible change in the household affairs, and perhaps his instincts of self-preservation taught him to do his allowance of discontented cawing at a safe distance from the spirited hands of John Grapley.

The succeeding day had been set for the funeral, and the coffin lay in the old, deep-windowed drawing-room, which was, perforce, all thrown open for the circulation of the warm summer air, and the entrance of the unsympathizing sunlight.

More than an hour before the time fixed for the funeral, Dr. Prindle drove up to the gate, threw his reins on his horse, and strode into the house. He gave George Ovington a hasty grasp of the hand, spoke to Alice a few kindly words, and then went on into the parlor.

Here he was standing in sorrowful silence, his usually firm features working slowly as he gazed down upon the face of his old friend, when he heard a step beside him, and the voice of John Grapley said:

"Ah, doctor, I am so sorry you were not here! I fear you could have done nothing for him; but just before he was taken he was willing to see you."

"To see me? What for?"

"Something about a new will. He said he had made one, but destroyed it, and wanted your help in framing another. He led me to believe that he intended making some liberal provision for George and Alice to see you."

"That indeed he did," replied the doctor, but somehow he did not feel called upon to say any more.

"Ca-a-caw," added a coarse, complaining voice at the window; but the flap of departing wings told that Martin's policy was still one of doblit and prudence.

"Here," said John, "is an envelope addressed to yourself, which I have taken the liberty to open, as it is unsealed, and as I have long known it contained my stepfather's will."

"You know its contents, then?"

"O, yes, of course. They are in accordance with his repeated assurances to my sister and myself. As it is in your own handwriting, I can tell you nothing, except that I shall take pleasure in carrying out what I believe to have been Mr. Ovington's intentions toward the children of his disinherited son. They shall always have a home and good provision while I live."

"Aye—yes, indeed, I hope so," abstractedly returned the doctor.

"Are you sure there is no other will?"

"Quite sure. I have searched everywhere," replied John.

"Well, as I am named an executor under this instrument, I shall deem it my duty to take a look on my own account," half curiously rejoined the doctor.

"I might have something to say as to what is done in my own house," replied John; "but I have no manner of objection. Let us go to the study."

A Distinguished Burglar.

For a real, racy, romantic sensation commends us to that country of marvels which spreads indefinitely each side of the boundary line between Kansas and Missouri. That truth which is stranger than fiction flourishes most at its centre, fading gradually in luxuriance as you pass outward, and finally it blends with the matter-of-fact region beyond. A local editor in that wonderful strip of country needs only to keep one eye and one ear open, and his columns fill themselves with a sort of perpetual motion. The marvels of Munchausen, the situations of Dumas, and the plots of Bradton are eclipsed there in matters of everyday life, and the people do not seem to mind it much, either.

The last incident which awakens our admiration is from Fort Scott. One Henry Prunell wending westward from our beloved Buckeye State, brought up at Fort Scott as a young gentleman of literary leisure. He was eminently a little of a bookworm, and a little modest, as becoming to one knowing his own failings. He sang well, he played divinely; he wrote music and read poetry; in fact, he was rated a "nice young man," and allowed free entrance to the pleasant drawing-rooms. There was to be sure, a little talk about his "employment," but it quieted upon learning that he was a gentleman of considerable means, and had come west to complete the manuscript of a book which he was writing. He had also in preparation a lecture, with which he was to entrance Fort Scottians as soon as it could be done.

About this time the chateaux personal of this young city began to take to themselves wings in a very peculiar manner. Watches laid down at night would be missing in the morning. Purse heretofore staid would wander like prodigal sons and never come back. Silver plates, rings, necklaces, everything portable and of value passed away like the breath from the body, and left their deserted owners burdened with grief.

The reader, of course, scents the denouement. Prunell might have been continuing his pastime to this day, making love to ladies in the evening and stealing things by night, had he not been so unfortunate as to expose a diamond ring in his possession to its former and aggrieved possessor. The literary gentleman was arrested, and in his rooms were found trinkets innumerable, from a gold thimble to a gemmed necklace, and from a suit-spoken to a silver service.

He was sentenced to the penitentiary on a dozen indictments, but will not go without pity. Perfection in anything deserves sympathy, and his burglary was certainly high art. The beauty of his work was in leaving no trace of his entrance or his departure; the absence of the stolen articles, and the fact that he had been so successful in his social work, too, was far from mediocre. It was, however, but a side accomplishment, and used only as a means to his professional end.—*Cincinnati Times and Chronicle.*

The Romance of Medicine.

It really appears, says an English physician, that the most serious attacks of disease and know-ledge or nothing about it. Here is a curious instance: Some gentlemen had been supping together, and had afterward taken pipes. One of them laid down his pipe, and said he was struck with paralysis. His friends declared they would do anything to cure it, but he persisted that his mouth was drawn on one side, and he asked a friend to accompany him home. This friend called next day, but found him very angry with his barber for not seeing any alteration in him. But in the course of the day his unbelieving friends saw him to be uniformly worse, and he died in about six months. It is not unlikely that there are many cases of incipient paralysis which are quite unnoticed by the sufferer.

The case of Mr. Humphrey, one of the leaders of the Midland Circuit, in England, was a very remarkable one. He suffered from a peculiar and cancerous affection, the nature of which was not discovered until after the performance of an operation. The case was so rare that an anonymous account of it was published in a medical work. At this time Mr. Humphrey was to all appearance established in perfect health. He happened to read the article and recognized his own case. Whereupon he proceeded to arrange his affairs and put his home in order, dying within the predicted time in the midst of his family, with the fortitude of an ancient Roman.

It is probable that each condition of life may have a tendency to develop some of the physical danger at its shadow. Thus we have the miner's lung, the painter's colic, the artist's dropped wrist, the clergyman's sore throat. The number of old remedies is always increasing. Both petroleum and chloral-hydrate are prescribed for sea sickness. The honorarists say that petroleum is, in fact, a specific. The white of eggs is used medicinally. It seems that opium, although it has been often called a doctor's confession of weakness, might be used, in moderate doses, to a greater extent than it is at present the case. When Mr. Winn went out to see the war in France, he was in the habit of administering heavy doses of fifteen drops of laudanum, even when it had been refused by the surgeon, and found it a very *clair vie* to many poor sufferers during the campaign.

A ludicrous accident occurred on a San Francisco horse-railroad recently. An elderly and very portly lady passenger signalled for the car to stop at a certain street, but of course the rear platform went a little beyond the dry crossing, and as a consequence the step was just over the mud, which was very deep. The old lady growled a great deal, and the conductor stepped off the car and offered his hand to guide her to the crossing, when forgetting her exceeding weight, she sank bodily into his outstretched arms, and, as a consequence, the conductor sat quietly down in the mud and the passenger fell over his head. He swore he should storm, and the other passengers laughed, but being behind time the conductor was obliged to go on his way, leaving the old lady trying to wipe the mud off her clothes with a seven-inch square handkerchief, indignantly yowling revenge against the railroad company and all conductors.

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Something About Faces.

It is a trite remark that, among all the multitude of people who inhabit this globe, no two can be found that exactly resemble each other. Even in cases of twins, where a strong similarity exists, there is always to be found some points of difference by which those most intimately acquainted with them are enabled to distinguish one from the other. And it may be further observed that those most alike in early youth, lose their resemblance, to a greater or less degree, as age advances. No face leaves this world at mature years without having undergone changes that astonish even the most intimate when comparisons are rendered possible. In this age of photography, almost any one is able to make such comparisons, and to note how the various circumstances and trials of life carve their impress upon the features. Very few have, however, fully estimated the infinite variety and number of indirect, direct, near, and remote influences which have operated through ages to work out the form and features of every face upon earth.

A skillful physiognomist may often determine character approximately by the countenances of men; but, as a sheet of paper, printed and reprinted, must at last become a confused jumble of indistinguishable characters, so are most people's faces too much interlined and cross-lined, by the confused imprint of circumstances and events, to be intelligible even to the most practised reader of faces. There are, indeed, some traits of character, and some passions, that ordinarily stamp themselves upon faces more conspicuously than others. Of these may be mentioned, cruelty, set and melancholy, and jolly good-nature. As a rule, the traits are easily distinguished by a look at the face; but it is not infrequently that good faces conceal bad hearts, and sanctimonious appearances cover secret vices. A man who was tried for and convicted of murder, and who confessed his crime before his execution, was admitted, while on trial, to be a fine-looking and prepossessing in appearance as any one on the bench, at the bar, or in the jury box; yet that court contained some men whose lives have been in the highest degree honorable, and whose personal appearances were scarcely less excellent by any equal number of men anywhere. It is quite notorious that circumstances of easy living, the absence of business cares and worries, will do much towards smoothing away the marks of crime; while the faces of criminals that have lived in circumstances of physical hardship gain a certain quality from which we instinctively shrink.

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